Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE

IRONTON. : : : MISSOURI

AFTER WE LEAVE.

Before Sim Sikes left Perkinstown
He used to run the "old burg" down.

But after he had moved away
He praised his native place, they say.

He liked the climate that it had,
Though once he'd thought that it was bad.

He bragged about the people there,
The "splendid men" and "women fair,"

Though once he had despised them all
And called them slow and cold and small.

We think the world's a poor old place
And call it hard names to its face,

But, like Sim Sikes, we may some day
Look back from far and far away,

And think more kindly of the sphere
We rail at so while we are here.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Teaching Him a Lesson.

BY JOHN WORNE.

"THEN, I suppose, our engagement is to be at an end?" said Bertie.

"Certainly," Eva replied, coldly.

"It seems a pity," he said; "it was pleasant enough while it lasted."

"I have been thinking over it for some time," she went on, "and I have come to the conclusion that I could never marry one who was so—so heartlessly frivolous. So I have decided that we had better part. I think you must agree with me."

"O, quite, quite!" he said, walking to the window. "If you say so, of coure. I'm helpless. A fellow can't be engaged all by himself. What is the other man's name?"

"What other man?" she asked quickly.

"The sympathetic man with the jolly outlook."

She flushed and said with warmth, "There is no other man!"

"No?" he said, surprised. "I could understand and forgive your throwing me over for somebody else—that's natural; but to say, 'Go away and break your heart; I don't like your outlook,' well—it's a little—er—unusual, isn't it?"

"It is best for both of us," she said. She was finding it very difficult.

"O, quite, quite!" he replied. "I'm not saying you're wrong. You will burn all of my letters, of course? I shouldn't like them to be lying about and get into the newspapers."

"Yes," she said.

"Or, if you want to publish them in book form, wait until you hear of my death. I don't suppose it will be delayed much longer now."

"Yes," she replied faintly. There was a pause.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I'd better say goodby."

"Goodby," she said.

"We can still be friends, of course, and all that?"

"Of course!"

"All right; and I'll come to you whenever I'm in trouble or anything."

He had got one glove on and was blowing into the other and making it stand out straight.

"By the way," he said, "I suppose we keep this a secret?"

"I must tell mother."

"Of course; but we needn't let the world know until we've got more used to it."

"No," she said.

He was at the door, but stopped again. "See you at the Farboroughs' dance to-night?" he asked.

"I may be there," she said.

"Right!" he replied, and passed out of the room and her life.

She doubted whether she ought to go to Farboroughs', but she had promised to be there, and did not like to disappoint the duchess. She would go for a short time.

She went. He was already there He was taking one of the Noreham girls towards the ballroom, and he bowed and smiled cheerfully to her as he passed.

She particularly disliked the Noreham girls. It felt strange not to have him at her side at once, securing all the dances he could. She was not quite sure whether she liked the new sensation or not.

About half an hour after her arrival he happened to be standing near her, uttering pleasant nonsense to Lady Enid, the daughter of the house. He seemed to be enjoying himself. A man walked off with Lady Enid, and Bertie looked around the room. His eye fell upon Eva, and he came up, smiling.

"Ah, my dear Miss Rowen, how do you do? Great crowd. Just come?"

"No," she said; "I've been here some time."

"No—really? Curious that I haven't seen you; but there are so many people, aren't there? May I have a dance?"

They danced the waltz that was just beginning. He soon found out that she had been to the academy and was a great admirer of Wagner. So was he—clever beggar, he thought him Wondered how the fellow ever remembered what the violins were doing while he was jotting down airs for the drum; though some of the things they did in "The Toreador" were nearly as tricky. Had she read many novels lately? Jolly waltz they were playing! "Blue Danube," wasn't it! Yes. Confound the fellow! Hope she wasn't hurt. No, he hadn't got a pin. Why not simply tear it all off? So sorry! Sit out the rest? Certainly. So they retired to a quiet corner of the conservatory.

There he laborously began the same kind of a conversation, and she, having up till now answered chiefly in monosyllables, said, "Don't be foolish, Mr. Pilkinghame!"

"I'm sorry, Miss Rowen," he said; "but the fact is, I'm not quite sure at what degree of acquaintance we have arrived."

"I don't think you can expect me to define it," she said.

"Well," said Bertie, reproachfully, "you arranged this picnic; you should know more about it than I do."

"I don't think we need be quite so distant; it sounds rather idiotic."

"Very well," said Bertie, huffed; "it was quite up to the level of my usual conversation on first introductions though."

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" she said, hastily. "I mean, as we've known each other so many years——"

"I see. Well, I'm glad you put it in that way, because I have something rather—rather delicate to ask you, something I couldn't ask a complete stranger."

"What is it?" she said, in a low voice, not quite knowing whether she hoped or feared. He hesitated.

"The fact is, I should rather like you to return me the ring I once gave you—er—you may perhaps remember——"

"Oh, certainly!" she said. She had forgotten all about it; it was still on her finger. She handed it to him. "I am sorry; of course, I meant to return it to you this afternoon. How foolish of me!"

She would have liked at least one more attack upon her sense of duty. Not that she would have yielded, of course.

"No," said Bertie, "it was rather strange of me to ask for it. But the fact is, I want it just now for a special reason."

He held it between his thumb and forefinger and looked at it tenderly. She saw that the attack was coming, and rejoiced.

"What reason?" she said, almost in a whisper.

"Well," he said, "as we are on such friendly terms, I don't mind confiding it to you. You see that tall girl in blue over there, under that scrubby green stuff?"

"Maude Noreham!" said Eva, startled.

"Yes. Fact is, I've got the next dance with her, and it struck me that she's such a ripping girl that I've decided to ask her to marry me, and on occasions like this it is always useful, I find, to have the ring ready, you know."

"O!" said Eva. She could think of nothing more to say.

"As you are a sort of a sister, you know," he went on dreamily, "I don't mind telling you how passionately I love her. It is so nice to have somebody to confide in, in a case like this—somebody sympathetic. You know Maude?"

"Yes," said Eva, in a choking voice.

"Isn't she a dear girl? Isn't she perfect? Did you ever see such hair, such eyes, such an outlook? And her disposition is so sweet!"

"I think you've—you've made a very good choice."

Eva was making a heroic effort to see things in the common-sense light; to a sister all this should be interesting, nothing more.

"I'm glad you are pleased," he said. "I value your opinion more highly than that of any other friend I've got. So you advise me to do it?"

"O, yes!" she said, with hollow cheerfulness.

'Thank you, thank you so much!" he said, shaking her hand earnestly and looking into her eyes. "Isn't that the next dance beginning."

Eva had a headache. She determined to go home, and looked around for her mother, but was claimed for the next dance by an elderly gentleman who would take no refusal. And she was fortunate to have got rid of a man who could see anything in that horsey Noreham creature.

Her next partner, a cheerful young man, said, "Have you heard the news about Maude Noreham?"

Her heart sank, in spite of all her determination. "About—about—her engagement?" she asked, faintly.

"Yes," said her partner. "Lucky beggar, isn't he?"

She didn't know what reply she made, nor what they talked about for the rest of that dance. She only knew that, in order to do this so suddenly, Bertie and that—that person must have had an understanding for months before....must have simply been waiting for the opportunity....must have—oh, the villainous treachery of it all!

"Mother, I really think we had better go now," she began, when her eye fell on a familiar figure. Bertie was standing at the table. Though munching a sandwich, he looked the picture of hopeless misery.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" said the duke; "I couldn't allow such a thing; the next is my dance with Mrs. Rowen." And they went away and left her helpless and alone.

Bertie came slowly toward her, mournfully rubbing crumbs off his gloves. His step was heavy; it seemed as if the light had gone out of his life.

"I think the next is our dance, Miss Rowen," he said, offering his arm.

What was she to do? She took it and they walked toward the ballroom in silence.

"Do you want to dance this?" he asked, in hollow tones.

"Just as you like," she replied.

"I do not feel," said Bertie, "as if I should ever want to dance again."

He took her to the conservatory and they sat down in the same corner as before. He groaned and put his head on his hands. She waited, with some surprise.

"Oh for a little sympathy!" he moaned.

"I should have thought you expected congratulations." She spoke with a touch of bitterness.

"Congratulations!" he exclaimed, savagely. "Congratulations! Listen! I can come to you in my trouble, can I not?"

She said nothing.

"Did I tell you how I loved Maude?"

"Yes," she said.

"Yes," he went on, "I thought I had mentioned it to somebody. Well—" He paused. She waited.

"Well," he said, raising his head wearily. "I asked her if she would marry me." He paused again. "Was there anything unreasonable in that?" he exclaimed, fiercely.

"What—what did she say?" faltered Eva.

"Say!" he replied; and then went on, in a monotonous wail of anguish: "She said, "Ta, dear boy, but I'm suited. Didn't I tell you before?' Just as if I were an errand boy applying for a situation!"

"I believe you're pleased," he said, reproachfully.

"No, I'm not," she said. "I'm very sorry for you."

"That's the way with sisters—they always object to people their brothers choose."

"You can choose anybody you like," she said.

He took his programme from his pocket, and said, reflectively, "I don't think I'll make another shot to-night, though! Let's see who I've got." He ran his eye down the list and ticked off two or three names. "What do you say to Miss Vanning. But I don't think I know her quite well enough to suggest it. There's Enid Stafford, of course, I think I love her very much. Isn't she a charming girl?"

"Yes," said Eva.

"Do you happen to know?" he said anxiously, "whether she has a nice outlook?"

Eva did not reply; she was still fanning herself.

"It's worse than choosing a motor-car," he sighed. "Why can't one hire an expert to choose a wife? And yet I must, I must."

"Why in such a hurry?" asked Eva. "I should take a day or two to look round."

"But it's so uncomfortable to feel oneself hanging about loose and liable to be snapped up at any moment. Other men, when they meet some sudden and terrible disaster, fly to drink. Drink is so vulgar; I fly to matrimony."

"And have you had a disaster?" she asked, with sisterly interest, still fanning herself.

"Disaster!" he said, dolefully. "Listen! For three months I had been engaged to the perfectest, beautifulest, sweetest darling in the whole world—er—you don't mind my confiding to you my personal affairs like this?"

"Did she die?" asked Eva, with sympathy. "Please don't brush my nose with the feathers?"

"No, she didn't exactly die. She drew herself erect, with a flashing eye, looking magnificent—pardon an unhappy man's reminiscences, won't you?—and she said, 'Go! Out into blank, dismal, dreary darkness.' Now, why? Because I was a murderer? Not a bit of it. Because I was unkind to my aged parents? No. Because I was already married? Not even that. You won't believe it, but it was simply and solely because there was something gone groggy in my outl—"

"I think I hear the next dance beginning," said Eva, rising.

"Yes? By the way, just put this ring on, will you? I shall lose it if I keep it in my pocket."

So she put it on.

"This is our dance?" said Bertie

"I think so," she replied.

"And all the rest?"

"If you like."

"Including extras?"

"Including the extras. And I hope," she added, "that I've taught you a lesson, dear."

"You've taught me a lesson?" he said, puzzled. And then, repentantly, "Ah, O! Yes, of course! I am very sorry—I will never do it again."—London Sketch.

MODEST IDEA OF LUXURY.

Woman of the Southern Mountains Puts Nuts and Raisins in That Class.

There are many stories of the narrow and barren lives of the North Carolina mountaineers. The following, told in the New York Sun, stirs one's sympathies for people so completely shut away from comfort and progress. The incident is related by a man who was investigating timber lands in a remote region of the state. He and his guide had penetrated to a lonely spot, broken by no road save a cow-path, where stood a cabin surrounded by the primeval forest.

A woman in an old homespun dress, with half a dozen children at her heels, responded to our "Hello!" Her stock of household utensils afforded only one tin cup, out of which we drank the water and milk she gave us. I asked a few questions, and the answers revealed a state of affairs really pathetic.

It was about the time of the Dewey celebration, and I had an illustrated New York paper containing pictures of the event. I spread this out for the amusement of the family, but while the children displayed the livellest interest, the mother hardly looked at it.

"What are them picters about?" she asked, listlessly.

"The Dewey celebration."

"What's that?"

"Why didn't you ever hear of Dewey?" I asked, in genuine surprise.

"I reckon not. He don't live round these parts nowhars, does he?"

"Oh, no. He lives in Washington."

"Whar's that, down in the settlements?"

"Washington is the capital of the country."

"You mean whar McGinty is the head man?"

"McKinley, you mean," I ventured.

"Well, McGinty or McKinley, er whatever yer call him; it's all one to me."

"Wouldn't you like to go to Washington?" I asked. The utter hopelessness of the idea brought the shadows into her dull black eyes.

"I'd ruther have the money to spend. I'd get us some flowery calliker dresses and some shoes for my old man. Then, if there was any left, I'd like to buy some nuts and reezins. I ain't stuck a tooth in a reezin sence I was a little gal, at Christmas-time. I fairly do have a gnawing for a luxury sometimes."

When I went back that way, two weeks later, I had all the spare places in my bag filled with nuts and raisins, and that woman actualiy cried as I poured them out on the table. She had her "luxury."

Anachronism.

Rev. I. K. Funk, who has written a book upon the marvels of clairvoyance, was born in Ohio, in the town of Clifton, and a Clifton man said of him recently: "We are proud here of the success Dr. Funk has made in life. We treasure a number of stories of his childhood. It seems that even as a little boy he had an unusual and subtle mind. A clergyman put to him one day a number of questions about Biblical history and he answered them all very well. Finally the clergyman said:

"What commandment, my lad, did Adam break when he ate the apple?"

"'If you please, sir,' was the reply, 'there weren't any commandments at that time.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

BATTLE OF BOYNE

FAMOUS FIELD NOW OFFERED IN THE MARKET PLACE.

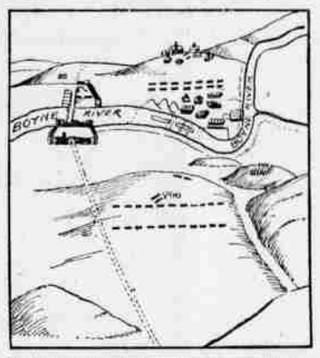
Here Was Struck the Final Blow at Irish Independence — Here Came Together in Conflict Followers of James and of William.

Ireland, along with numerous new movements in the ould country, has lately taken to disposing of places of great historic interest and of renowned picturesqueness. Yet fresh in our minds is the excitement stirred up when the Lakes of Killarney were offered for sale; then the Hill of Tara was presented to and obtained a purchaser, and now the battlefield of the Boyne is on the market.

This bit of historic Ireland lies on the banks of the river Boyne on the east coast of Ireland, and about it cluster memories of an event of much import in the relations of England and Ireland. Here, in 1691, was fought a decisive battle; here was assured English ascendancy in Ireland; from the battle of the Boyne sprang the Orange society.

At the battle of the Boyne the forces of James II. and of William of Orange were arrayed against each other. James, you remember, was king of England, Scotland and Ireland from 1685-88, a Roman Catholic of much zeal, who was supplanted by William of Orange. James fled to France, was given refuge by Louis XIV., and promised the support of the French nation. He descended upon Ireland in 1689. At this time England was in a very disturbed state, divided as to who was rightful sovereign; and the supporters of James II. (Jacobites) warmly espoused his cause. But that cause met final defeat at the battle of the Boyne.

When James landed in Ireland in 1689 the government there was still maintained in his name; strengthened by French gold and French soldiers, he took personal possession, summoned a parliament in Dublin. Ireland also was in a state of grave discontent, many of the old landholders having been dispossessed of estates of their ancestors by the arbitrary act of settlement. These dispossessed ones formed a large part of the house of commons of James' parliament, and, though they passed several measures making for progress and reform, they also enacted those radical in intent, attempted a



ANCIENT MAP OF BOYNE BATTLE-FIELD.

violent restoration of their rights of 24 years before. They said all lands should be confiscated whose owners failed to acknowledge James as sovereign, and later the act of attainder, aimed at the practical overthrow of the land system, made a large proportion of the existing landholders liable for high treason.

In the meantime, preparations were in progress for the inevitable war, and very soon it began. In the first campaign, James was not successful, the English being able to hold out against his siege of their stronghold. In the second campaign Louis sent over 6,000 French troops to aid James, and the English colonists were reenforced by the arrival of William of Orange himself, accompanied by a considerable force. Another leader on the Orange side was a noted continental soldier, Schomberg, whose generalship was far famed. On each side was an army numbering many foreigners in its ranks, built up of heterogeneous material. William's men numbered over 36,000, James' about 23,000.

The French troops and the Irish cavalry on James' side were good soldiers but the infantry was untrained and the artillery deficient. On July 1, 1690, a battle took place at the passage of the river Boyne, a few miles above Draogheda. James' army was routed and he lost about 1,500 men; William lost but 500, but among the slain was Schomberg, the famous general. James' men fell back on Dublin, and later concentrated at Limerick; where they held out against William, who presently returned to England. In a third campaign, after a gallant defense Athlone fell, the battle of Aughrim further weakened the Irish strength and finally Limerick was forced to yield. Thus came to a close Irish independence.

In an interesting old book calling itself "An Impartial History of the Wars of Ireland," there is given this tribute to that adventurous soldier, Schomberg: "On the Irish side were killed my Lord Dungan, my Lord Carlingford, Sir Neal O'Neal, with a great number of other officers, and about 1,300 or 1,400 soldiers, and we lost on our side nigh 400; but the loss of Duke Schomberg, who was killed soon after the first of our forces passed the river, near the little village called Old Bridge, was much more considerable than all that fell that day on both sides—whom his very enemies called brave man and great general, whose name will make a considerable figure in history, while there are such places as Germany, Flanders, France, England and Ireland."

KATHERINE POPE.

Smallest Inherited Legacy.

Next to the proverbial shilling, perhaps the smallest legacy has been inherited by a native of New Zealand. He had a son, who died in the Dutch Indies, and left him his effects, amounting to 13½ pence. The money was payable at Middleburg, and the man had to walk ten Dutch leagues for it, losing also a day's work.

Vegetarian Cat.

A kitten was lately brought up on an exclusively vegetable diet by a London family of vegetarians. The result is that it will not touch animal food and pays no attention to rats or mice.

BIG INDIAN SCHOOL.

KANSAS SCHOOL WISELY TRAINING YOUTHS OF THIS RACE.

Many Tribes Represented at Haskell Institute—Lion and Lamb Study Peacefully Side by Side—Coeducation No Failure Here.

At Lawrence, Kan., is located the large Indian school known as the Haskell institute. Although not quite so large and not so famous as the institution at Carlisle, yet Haskell is a very important factor in the training of the young Indian.

And it is a school of very considerable dimensions, a place where 800 Indian girls and boys receive a liberal education, are given advantages of the modern educational ideal, training of the mind and training of the hand progressing side by side. Haskell is now 20 years old, and in that time has sent out a goodly number of Indian youths

A PROUD INDIAN FATHER.

to cope with the new conditions confronting their race.

At the Kansas school the student of the Indian may find a rich field for investigation, for here are gathered together members of all the tribes save the five nations, the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Creeks, Seminoles and Choctaws. More than 60 tribes are represented at the school, and here hereditary enemies engage in the peaceful competition of the schoolroom. The Pueblos of the southwest, that very interesting people, send the most pupils, and the Chippewas from the north and east contribute the next largest number. Other tribes represented are the Sioux, Winnebagoes, Wyandots, Zunis, Crees, Oneidas and Papogos. Amongst these folk of distinct characteristics, peace reigns to an unusual degree—unless there enter in the "white Indian," an unruly fellow, neither one thing nor the other. The officials of the school say the full-blood Indians do not quarrel with each other, but where there is the mixed race they expect trouble.

One is apt to think of the people of aboriginal stock as stoics, unsympathetic, unresponsive; but those that have had long experience at Haskell can tell of the kindly, affectionate relations existing between the fellow students, of the protecting care bestowed by old upon young, of the tenderness and affection they take no pains to hide. The children evince a good deal of love for their parents, and, like the white exile, display homesickness to a marked degree when they first enter the school. Every child must stay at least three years.

An odd looking lot they are when making their entrance to Haskell, these little sons and daughters of nature; they come blanketed and moccasined, their hair in long tangles about the face, afraid of all the strangeness and queerness of what the white man

GROUP OF SIOUX GIRLS

calls civilized manner of life. But very soon they take to the conventional garments of the whites, and very soon, for they are quick-witted and show unusual skill in handiwork, to making the things the white man thinks necessary for the life of to-day.

And in some ways they are better equipped than the average white pupil for the task of lessons; their eyes are bright and keen—no spectacles needed at Haskell—and their powers of observation are wonderfully trained. In drawing they excel. Also in athletic games and feats of strength they show superiority, they have small use for a game that does not involve vigorous exercise.

But in appearance the Indians are below the average. They are short, but stocky. The northern races have the taller representatives, the Pueblos, Navajos and other southern Indians being of low stature. And the fact that the ones sent to the school are the pick of the people from whom they are drawn (for very careful is the examination before admission) would indicate the race is deteriorating.

The government provides the pupils with shoes and clothes, but they are not required to wear the government costume except on certain occasions, when all don the uniform of dark blue. Individuality is not crushed, the little Indians are not supposed all to follow the same pattern.

In appearance the girls make a better showing than the boys, many of whom are stoop-shouldered and walk with a slouching gait. But battalion drills for both boys and girls are one of the features of the Kansas school, and trained habits of standing and walking may straighten up the Indian youth as the installation of certain other desirable habits, it is hoped, will give him power to look life squarely in the face. ERNEST HEYWORTH.

CHICKASAW GOVERNMENT.

Separated Into Three Divisions, the Legislature, Executive and Judicial.

The Chickasaw government is almost an exact replica of the administration of affairs in the state of Mississippi, the former home of the tribe. The Chickasaws, says the Kansas City Journal, proudly assert that their laws are the most perfect found among Indians. Their lawmaking body is called the Chickasaw legislature, and its organization is an exact pattern of the average state legislature. There is the house of representatives and the senate, with a speaker of the former and president of the latter. Martin Van B. Cheadle, a veteran leader in the nation, is president of the senate. The head of the nation is Gov. Johnson, a most able man, who before the intervention of the United States would have possessed all of the powers of a governor of a state.

The Chickasaw government is separated into three divisions, the legislative, executive and judicial. The nation is divided into counties and each has its county seat, Tishomingo being the county seat of Tishomingo county. There are four judicial districts, and county, probate and supreme courts. These courts have been shorn of most of their power by the United States, but are still in existence.

Each county had its sheriff and a jail, where prisoners were kept. Executions were made by hanging on gallows, modeled after those used in the states. Murder and larceny, after a third offense, was punishable by death.

Martin V. B. Cheadle, president of the senate, says there are two political parties in the Chickasaw nation, the progressives and the nationals. The progressives oppose the policy of the government in allotting lands and are loth to give up their government. The national party, of which Mr. Cheadle is leader, believes that the nation should assist the United States government in every way in settling tribal affairs in line with its present policy. It favors the sale of all tribal property, including surplus lands, to the government, and the division of the proceeds among the Indian citizens. When asked if most of the members of the national party do not favor the policy of the republican party, Mr. Cheadle said: "We will not desert the ship that has carried us safely over, and I believe that most of the nationals will be republicans." Mr. Cheadle says that the national party represents the majority element in the Chickasaw nation.

TRAINED JAP SWORDSMEN.

Revival of the Samurai Tradition in the War with Russian Forces.

Japan has taken a leaf from its own romantic past in sending "specially trained bodies of swordsmen," led by Samurai chieftains, into the Russian forts at Port Arthur, says the New York Mail. Of old the soldier's duty was entirely committed in Japan, as once in India, to a warrior caste, and its generals led their men to the fight sword in hand. Now the general stays back in a safe place, directing affairs from a kind of office where telegraph instruments and typewriters click and telephone bells ring. But the siege of Port Arthur has given an opportunity to revive something of the Samurai tradition in conjunction with other measures which are as modern as telephones and typewriters.

Machinery and the latest things in civil engineering have enabled the Japense to dig their way in close to the Port Arthur works. Now for a rush! The Russians are few and weakened. Bayonets coming over the parapets must be a serious matter. But for encounters so close that firearms cannot be used—so close that the revolver becomes a better weapon used as a club than as a firearm—a stout and sharp sword may be more serviceable than a bayonet at the end of a rifle.

The bayonet is after all only a sword clumsily placed at the end of a musket. It has always been more or less an awkward implement. The English lost the battle of Killiecrankie because the Scotch rushed on their men with their claymores before the Englishmen could get their bayonets fixed. Here at Port Arthur the Japanese are seeking the advantage which the claymore gave the Scotch; but they will not catch the Russians with unfixed bayonets, for the reason that the Russians' bayonets are permanently joined to their rifles.

Russian troops are thoroughly trained in the use of the bayonet, but it is easy to see that a rank of advancing Japanese swordsmen, fresh and eager for the fray, crowding them so closely that the Russians' long rifle-pikes were of no avail, would put the defenders of Port Arthur at a disadvantage. Presumably, these swordsmen also carry revolvers. If these weapons are strictly up-to-date, the fighting now at Port Arthur may be a mingling of ancient and modern methods of the most picturesque and significant sort.

Dangerous Fare.

For all those who fear appendicitis and are willing to do anything which will keep them immune from disease, Sir Frederick Treves has prepared a list of eatables which cannot be taken with safety. Foremost on the list is preserved ginger, that deadliest of sweetmeats, but pineapple, either fresh or preserved, is equally dangerous. Oranges, figs and raspberries should never be indulged in. To limit still further our diet, there are a number of things which may not be eaten by those who fear typhoid fever. The oyster has led to suspicion of all other shellfish, not only lobsters and crabs, but even shrimps and prawns. Smelts and white-bait are now regarded with awe rather than admiration on a menu. —Indianapolis News.

What the Hand Symbolizes.

Look where we will, we find the hand in time and history, working, building, inventing, bringing civilization out of barbarism. The hand symbolizes power and the excellence of work. The mechanic's hand, that minister of elemental forces, the hand that hews, saws, cuts, builds, is useful in the world equally with the delicate hand that paints a wild flower or molds a Grecian urn, or the hand of a statesman that writes a law. The eye cannot say to the hand: "I have no need of thee." Blessed be the hand! Thrice blessed be the hands that work!—Hlen Keller, in Century.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

(1) Toby was an artful member—

(2) He liked his beer regular.

(3) In the end he got more than he wanted.

REVIVING THEIR LANGUAGE

Nationalizing Work of Gaelic League Includes Return to the Old Tongue.

In a study of contemporary conditions in Ireland Seumas MacManus shows that the Irish are returning to their native tongue, says the World's Work. The Gaelic league has not only arrested the decay of the language, but it has made startling progress in restoring it. It has fought and overcome the hostile national board of education, with the result that 3,000 of the national schools are teaching the language to-day to 95,000 pupils, as against a few schools that taught it to 313 pupils 13 years ago. In addition to this, Gaelic is taught to about 100,000 others in the remaining primary schools, night schools, intermediate schools and colleges. The big commercial concerns are finding it to their advantage to keep Irish-speaking employes, who can attend customers that insist on giving their orders, whether spoken or written, in Gaelic. The railways, the banks and the post office, after struggling sorely against the crusade, very soon required a knowledge of the language—both spoken and literary—from all candidates for clerkships.

It is a pity for Ireland that more of her girls do not return. Emigration is the greatest evil that Ireland labors under to-day. The country is being depleted by this drain, which, for 150 years, has not once ceased flowing and which has been running with fearful rapidity during the last 60 years. The government returns show that in the last 53 years 4,000,000 Irish people emigrated. During the '40, for which we have no record, and especially during the famine years, the outflow in coffin ships of famine-driven, fever-stricken fugitives—tens of thousands of whose whitening bones on the sea floor still link Ireland to America by a terrible chain—was tremendous.

The census returns for the decade 1841-51 show that Ireland had a net loss in those ten years of 16,000 people, or one-fifth of its population. In 1841 Ireland had a population of 8,200,000; in 1901 the population, which at the natural rate of Irish increase, should have been more than 9,000,000, had fallen to 4,460,000! In 64 years Ireland has sent out more emigrants than there are people in the island to-day. Now the birth rate is decreasing, because the percentage of unmarried adults has been increasing and because the average marrying age has been growing higher. So the people, who at one time were proverbially prolific, will soon have lost that character. As the great birth rate, which tended to moderate the effects of emigration, lessens, the emigration evil year by year assumes a more and more alarming aspect.

Italians on Southern Farms.

Italians are industrious and thrifty and are as rule excellent farmers, market gardeners and tradesmen. In the parts of the south where the Italians have settled they have achieved a decided success as truck growers and in other employments, and their condition in comparison with many of their compatriots who have remained in the great cities as day laborers under the guidance of the exacting padrones is striking. If this work can be done on a large scale for all classes and races of immigrants the gain for the country will be tremendous. The congestion in the cities will be relieved, the slums curtailed, many burdens lifted from the charities, the criminal class reduced and the jail population diminished.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Socialist Millionaire Broker.

Maurice Berteaux, the socialist millionaire stockbroker deputy, who has just succeeded Gen. Andre as minister of war, is something of a novelty in that capacity. There have been socialist ministers before, notably Millerand, minister of commerce, in the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet, and Pelletan, minister of marine, in the present cabinet. But there has never before been a stock broker minister in France, and few civilians have been minister of war.

Autos to Climb Pikes Peak.

An automobile climbing contest, entries to which will be open to the world, has been announced by the Overland Racing association, of Denver. The event will occur next August, and Pike's peak will be the scene. The actual climb will be approximately 8,000 feet, and the road distance about 14 miles. The steepest grade will approach 45 degrees.

Daily Thought.

No one who has not a complete knowledge of himself will ever have a true understanding of another.—Novalis.